

Detour 2nd ed.

1609/5380

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# HYMN, &c.

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*The Second Edition Corrected, with Additions.*

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L O N D O N:  
Printed in the Year. MDCCIII.

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H Y M N

TO THE

PILLORY.



The Second Edition Corrected, by the Author.

L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year MDCCLIII.





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A  
H Y M N  
TO THE  
PILLORY.

HAIL! *Hi'roglyphick State Machin,*

Contriv'd to Punish Fancy in:

Men that are Men, in thee can feel no Pain,

And all thy *Insignificant*s Disdain.

Contempt, that false New Word for shame,

Is without Crime, an empty Name.

A Shadow to Amuse Mankind,

But never frights the Wise or Well-fix'd Mind:

Virtue despises Humane Scorn,

And Scandals Innocence adorn.

Exalted on thy *Stool of State*,  
What Prospect do I see of Sov'reign Fate;  
How the *Inscrutables* of Providence,  
Differ from our contracted Sence;  
Here by the Errors of the Town,  
The Fools look out, the Knaves look on.  
Persons or Crimes find here the same respect,  
And Vice does Vertue oft Correct,  
The undistinguish'd Fury of the Street,  
With Mob and Malice Mankind Greet:  
No Byass can the Rabble draw, (Law.  
But Dirt throws Dirt without respect to Merit, or to  
Sometimes the *Air of Scandal* to maintain,  
*Villains* look from thy Lofty Loops in Vain:  
But who can judge of Crimes by Punishment,  
Where Parties Rule, and L...s Subservient.  
Justice with Change of Int'rest Learns to bow,  
And what was Merit once, is Murther now;  
Actions



Actions receive their Tincture from the Times,  
And as they change are Vertues made or Crimes.

Thou art the *State-Trap* of the Law,  
But neither canst keep Knaves, nor Honest Men in Awe;  
These are too hard'nd in Offence,  
And those upheld by Innocence.

How have thy *opening Vacancys* receiv'd,  
In every Age the Criminals of State?

And how has Mankind been deceiv'd,  
When they distinguish Crimes by Fate?

Tell us, *Great Engine*, how to understand,  
Or reconcile the Justice of the Land;  
How *Bastwick*, *Pryn*, *Hunt*, *Hollingsby* and *Pye*,

Men of unspotted Honesty;  
Men that had Learning, Wit and Sence,  
And more than most Men have had since,

Could equal Title to thee claim,  
With *Oats* and *Fuller*, Men of later Fame:

But ai thou shouldst Even

Even the Learned *Selden* Law,  
 A Prospect of thee, thro' the Law:  
 He had thy *Lofty Pinnacles* in view,  
 But so much Honour never was thy due:  
 Had the Great *Selden* Triumph'd on thy Stage,  
*Selden* the Honour of his Age;  
 No Man wou'd ever shun thee more,  
 Or grudge to stand where *Selden* stood before.

Thou art no shame to Truth and Honesty,  
 Nor is the Character of such defac'd by thee,  
 Who suffer by Oppressive Injury.  
 Shame, like the Exhalations of the Sun,  
 Falls back where first the motion was begun:  
 And he who for no Crime shall on thy Brows appear,  
 Bears less Reproach than they who plac'd him there.  
 But if Contempt is on thy Face entail'd,  
 Disgrace it self shall be asham'd;  
 Scandal shall blush that it has not prevail'd,

To



To blast the Man it has defam'd.  
 Let all that merit equal Punishment,  
 Stand there with him, and we are all Content.

There would the Fam'd S——— stand,  
 With Trumpet of Sedition in his Hand,  
 Sounding the first *Crusado* in the Land.

He from a Church of *England* Pulpit first  
 All his Dissenting Brethren Curs'd;

Doom'd then to Satan for a Prey,  
 And first found out *the shortest way*;  
 With him the Wise Vice-Chancellor o'th' Press,  
 Who, tho' our Printers Licences defy,  
 Willing to show his forwardness,  
 Bless'd it with his Authority;

He gave the Church's Sanction to the Work,  
 As *Popes* bless Colours for Troops which fight the *Turk*.

Doctors in scandal these are grown,  
 For *Red-hot Zeal* and Furious Learning known:

Professors

Professors in Repreach and highly fit,

For *Juno's* Academy, *Billinggate*.

Thou like a True-born *English* Tool,

Hast from their Composition stole,

And now art like to smart for being a Fool:

And as of *English* Men, 'twas always meant,

They'r better to Improve than to Invent;

Upon their Model thou hast made,

A Monster makes the World afraid.

With them let all the States-men stand,

Who Guide us with unsteady hand:

Who Armies, Fleets, and Men betray;

And Ruine all the *shortest* way.

Let all those Souldiers stand in fight,

Who're Willing to be paid and not to fight.

Agents, and Collonels, who false Musters bring,

To Cheat their Country first, and then their King:

Bring all your Coward Captains of the Fleet;

Lord! What a Crow'd will there be when they meet?

They



They who let *Pointi* 'scape to *Brest*,  
With all the Gods of *Carthagena* Blest.

Those who betray'd our *Turkey* Fleet;  
Or Injur'd *Talmash* Sold at *Camaret*.

Who miss'd the Squadron from *Thouloon*,  
And always came too late or else too soon;  
All these are Heroes whose great Actions Claim,  
Immortal Honours to their Dying Fame;

And ought not to have been Denied,  
On thy great *Counterfarp*, to have their Valour try'd.

Why have not these upon thy *spreading Stage*,  
Tasted the keener Justice of the Age;

If 'tis because their Crimes are too remote,  
Whom leaden-footed Justice has forgot?

Let's view the modern Scenes of Fame,  
If Men and Management are not the same;

When Fleets go out with Money, and with Men,  
Just time enough to venture home again?

Navyes

Navyes prepar'd to guar'd th' insulted Coast,  
 And Convoys settl'd when Our Ships are lost.  
 Some Heroes lately come from Sea,  
 If they were paid their Due, should stand with thee;  
 Papers too should their Deeds relate,  
 To prove the Justice of their Fate :  
 Their Deeds of War at *Port Saint Mary's* done,  
 And set the Trophy's by them, which they won :  
 Let Or ---- d's Declaration there appear,  
 He'd certainly be pleas'd to see 'em there.

Let some good Limner represent,  
 The ravish'd Nuns, the plunder'd Town,  
 The *English* Honour how mispent ;  
 The shameful coming back, and little done.

The *Vigo* Men should next appear,  
 To Triumph on thy Theater ;  
 They, who on board the Great Galoons had been,  
 Who rob'd the *Spaniards* first, and then the Queen :

Set



Set up the praises to their Valour due,  
How Eighty Sail, had beaten Twenty two.

Two Troopers so, and one Dragoon,  
Conquer'd a *Spanish* Boy, at *Pampalone*.

Yet let them Or-----d's Conduct own,  
Who beat them first on Shore, or little had been done:

What unknown spoils from thence are come,  
How much was brought away, *How little home*.

If all the Thieves should on *thy Scaffold* stand

Who rob'd their Masters in Command:

The Multitude would soon outdo,

The City Crouds of *Lord Mayor show*.

Upon thy *Penitential stools*,

Some People should be plac'd for Fools:

As some for Instance who while they look on;

See others plunder all, and they got none.

Next the Lieutenant General,

To get the Devill, lost the De'll and all;

And he some little badge should bear,

Who ought, in Justice, to have hang'd 'em there:

Great

And life again when ships are lost. This

This had his Honour more maintain'd,  
Than all the Spoils at *Vigo* gain'd.

Then Clap *thy Wooden Wings* for Joy,  
And greet the Men of Great Employ ;  
The Authors of the Nations discontent,  
And Scandal of a Christian Government.  
*Jobbers*, and *Brokers* of the City Stocks,  
With forty Thousand Tallies at their backs ;  
Who make our Banks and Companies obey,  
Or sink 'em all *the shortest way*.

Th' Intrinick Value of our Stocks,  
Is stated in their Calculating Books ;  
Th' Imaginary Prizes rise and fall,  
As they Command who toss the Ball ;  
Let 'em upon thy lofty Turrets stand,  
With *Bear-skins* on the back, *Debentures* in the hand,  
And write in Capitals upon the Post,  
That here they should remain,  
Till this *Ænigma* they explain,  
How Stocks should Fall, when Sales surmount the Cost,  
And rise again when Ships are lost. Great



Great *Monster of the Law*, Exalt thy Head ;  
 Appear no more in Masquerade,  
 In Homely Phrase Express thy Discontent,  
 And move it in th' Approaching Parliament :

Tell 'em how Paper went instead of Coin,  
 With Int'rest eight *per Cent.* and Discount Nine.

Of *Irish* Transport Debts unpaid,  
 Bills false Endors'd, and long Accounts unmade.

And tell them all the Nation hopes to see,  
 They'll send the Guilty down to thee ;  
 Rather than those who write their History.

Then bring those Justices upon thy Bench,  
 Who vilely break the Laws they should defend ;

And upon Equity Intrench,  
 By Punishing the Crimes they will not Mend.

Set every vicious Magistrate,  
 Upon thy sumptuous Chariot of the State ;

There let 'em all in Triumph ride,  
 Their Purple and their Scarlet laid aside.

Let none such *Bride-well* Justices Protect,  
As first debauch the Whores which they Correct :

Such who with Oaths and Drunk'ness fit,  
And Punish far less Crimes than they Commit :

These certainly deserve to stand,  
With Trophies of Authority in Either Hand.

Upon *thy Pulpit*, set the Drunken Priest,  
Who turns the Gospel to a bawdy Jest ;  
Let the Fraternity Degrade him there,

Least they like him appear :  
There let him, his *Memento Mori* Preach,  
And by Example, not by Doctrine, Teach.

Next bring the Lewder Clergy there,  
Who Preach those Sins down, which *they can't forbear* ;  
Those *Sons of God* who every day Go in,  
Both to the *Daughters* and the *Wives* of Men ;  
There Let 'em stand to be the Nations Jest,  
And save the Reputation of the rest.

A—— who for the Gospel left the Law,  
And deep within the Clefts of Darkness saw ;

Let



Let him be an Example made,  
 Who durst the Parsons Province so Invade ;  
 To his new Ecclesiastick Rules,  
 We owe the Knowledge that we all are Fools :  
 Old *Charon* shall no more dark Souls convey,  
*A——ll* has found the *shortest way* :  
 Vain is your funeral Pomp and Bells,  
 Your Grave-stones, Monuments and Knells ;  
 Vain are the Trophies of the Grave,  
*A——ll* shall all that Foppery save ;  
 And to the Clergy's great Reproach,  
 Shall change the *Hearse* into a *Fiery Coach* :  
 What Man the Learned Riddle can receive,  
 Which none can Answer, and yet none Believe ;  
 Let him Recorded, on *thy Lists* remain,  
 Till he shall Heav'n by his own Rules obtain.

If a Poor Author has Embrac'd *thy Wood*,  
 Only because he was not understood,

They

They Punish Mankind but by halves,

Till they stand there,

Who false to their own Principles appear :

And cannot understand themselves.

Those *Nimshites*, who with furious Zeal drive on,

And build up *Rome* to pull down *Babylon* ;

The real Authors of *the Shortest Way*,

Who for Destruction, not Conversion pray :

There let those Sons of Strife remain,

Till this Church Riddle they Explain ;

How at Dissenters they can raise a Storm,

But would not have them all Conform ;

For *there* their certain Ruine would come in,

And Moderation, *which they hate*, begin.

Some Church-men Next should Grace thy Pews,

Who Talk of Loyalty they never use ;

Passive Obedience well becomes thy Stage,

For both have been the banter of the Age.

Get them but Once within thy reach,

You'll make them practice what they us'd to Teach.

Next



Next bring some Lawyers to *thy Bar*,  
 By *Inuendo* they might all stand there ;  
 There let them Expiate that Guilt,  
 And Pay for all that Blood their Tongues ha' spilt ;

These are the Mountebanks of State,  
 Who by the *slight of Tongue* can Crimes create,  
 And dress up Trifles in the *Robes of Fate*.

The *Mastives* of a Government,  
 To worry and run down the Innocent ;  
 The Engines of Infernall Wit,  
 Cover'd with Cunning and Deceit :  
*Satans* Sublimese Attribute they use,  
 For first they Tempt and then Accuse ;  
 No Vows or promises Can bind their hands,  
 Submissive Law Obedient stands :  
 When Power Concurr and Lawless force stands by,  
 He's Lunatick that Looks for Honesty.

There Sat a Man of Mighty Fame,  
 Whose Actions speak him plainer than his Name ;  
 In

In vain he struggl'd, he harangu'd in vain,  
 To bring in *Whipping Sentences* again:  
 And to debauch a Milder Government,  
 With *Abdicated kinds of Punishment*.

No wonder he should Law despise,  
 Who *Jesus Christ* himself denies;  
 His Actions only now direct,  
 What we when he is made a J——e, expect:  
 Set L——ll next to his Disgrace,  
 With *Whitney's Horses* staring in his Face;

There let his Cup of Pennance be kept full,  
 Till he's less Noisy, Insolent and Dull.

When all these Heroes have past o'er thy Stage,  
 And thou hast been the Satyr of the Age;  
 Vait then a while for all those Sons of Fame,  
 Whom present Pow'r has made too great to name:  
 enc'd from thy hands, they keep our Verse in Awe,  
 'oo great for Satyr, and too great for Law.

As



As they their Commands lay down,  
 They all shall pay their Homage to thy Cloudy Throne:  
 And till within thy reach they be,  
 Exalt them in Effigie.

The Martyrs of the by-past Reign,  
 For whom new Oaths have been prepar'd in vain;  
 She——k's Disciple first by him trepan'd,  
 He for a K——and they for F——s should stand.  
 Tho' some affirm he ought to be Excus'd,  
 Since to this Day he had refus'd;  
 And this was all the Frailty of his Life,  
 He Damn'd his Conscience, to oblige his Wife.  
 But spare that Priest, whose tottering Conscience knew  
 That if he took but one, he'd Perjure two:  
 Bluntly resolv'd he wou'd not break 'em both,  
 And Swore by G——d he'd never take the Oath;  
 Hang him, he can't be fit for thee,  
 For his *unusual Honesty*.

Thou *Speaking Trumpet* of Mens Fame,  
 Enter in every Court thy Claim;  
 Demand 'em all, for they are all thy own,  
 Who Swear to Three Kings, but are true to none.

Turn-Coats of all sides are thy due,  
 And he who once is false, is never true:  
 To Day can Swear, to Morrow can Abjure,  
 For Treachery's a Crime no Man can Cure:  
 Such without scruple, for the time to come,  
 May Swear to all the Kings in Christendom;  
 But he's a Mad Man will rely  
 Upon their lost Fidelity.

They that in vast Employments rob the State,  
 Let them in *thy Embraces* meet their Fate;  
 Let not the Millions they by Fraud obtain,  
 Protect 'em from the Scandal, or the Pain:  
 They who from Mean Beginnings grow  
 To vast Estates, but *God knows how*;  
 Who carry untold Summs away,  
 From little Places, with but little Pay:  
 Who Costly Palaces Erect,  
 The Thieves that built them to Protect;  
 The Gardens, Grotto's, Fountain, Walks, and Groves  
 Where Vice Triumphs in Pride, and Lawless Loves:  
 Where mighty Luxury and Drunk'ness Reign'd,  
 Profusely Spend what they Prophanely Gain'd:

Tell



Tell 'em their *Mene Tekel's* on the Wall,  
 Tell 'em the *Nations Money* paid for all :

Advance thy *double Front* and show,  
 And let us both the *Crimes* and *Persons* know :  
 Place them aloft upon thy *Throne*,  
 Who flight the *Nation's Business* for their own ;  
 Neglect their *Posts*, in spite of *Double Pay*,  
 And run us all in *Debt the Shortest Way*.

Great *Pageant*, Change thy *Dirty Scene*,  
 For on thy *Steps* some *Ladies* may be seen ;  
 When *Beauty* stoops upon thy *Stage* to show  
 She laughs at all the *Humble Fools* below.

Set *Sapho* there, whose *Husband* paid for *Clothes*  
 Two Hundred Pounds a Week in *Furbulo's* :  
 There in her *Silks* and *Scarlets* let her shine,  
 She's *Beauteous* all without, all *Whore* within.

Next let *Gay U R A N I A* Ride,  
 Her *Coach* and *Six* attending by her side :

Long has she waited, but in vain,  
 The *City Homage* to obtain :

The Sumptuous Harlot long'd t' Insult the Chair,  
 And Triumph o'er our City Beauties there.  
 Here let her Haughty Thoughts be Gratifi'd,  
 In Triumph let her Ride;

Let *DIADORA* next appear,  
 And all that want to know her, see her there.  
 What tho' she's not a *True Born English Wh—re*?  
*French Harlots* have been here before;  
 Let not the Pomp nor Grandeur of her State  
 Prevent the Justice of her Fate,  
 But let her an Example now be made  
 To Foreign *Wh—s* who spoil the English Trade.

Let *Flettumacy* with his Pompous Train,  
 Attempt to rescue her in vain;  
 Content at last to see her shown,  
 Let him despise her Wit, and find his own:  
 Tho' his Inheritance of Brains was small,  
 Dear-bought Experience will instruct us all.

Claim 'em, thou *Herald of Reproach*,  
 Who with uncommon Lewdness will Debauch;

Let



Let C—— upon thy Borders spend his Life,  
 'Till he Recants the Bargain with his Wife :  
 And till this Riddle both Explain,  
 How neither can themselves Contain ;  
 How Nature can on both sides run so high,  
 As neither side can neither side supply :  
 And so in Charity agree,  
 He keeps two Brace of Whores, two Stallions she.

What need of Satyr to Reform the Town ?  
 Or Laws to keep our Vices down ?  
 Let 'em to Thee due Homage pay,  
 This will Reform us all *the Shortest Way*.  
 Let 'em to thee bring all the Knaves and Fools,  
 Vertue will guide the rest by Rules ;  
 They'll need no Treacherous Friends, no breach of Faith,  
 No Hir'd Evidence with their Infecting Breath ;  
 No Servants Masters to Betray,  
 Or Knights o'th' Post, who Swear for Pay ;  
 No injur'd Author 'll on thy Steps appear,  
 Not such as *won't be Rogues*, but such as *are*.

The first Intent of Laws  
 Was to Correct th' Effect, and check the Cause ;

And

And all the Ends of Punishment,  
 Were only Future Mischiefs to prevent.  
 But Justice is Inverted when  
 Those Engines of the Law,  
 Instead of pinching Vicious Men,  
 Keep Honest Ones in awe ;  
 Thy Business is, as all Men know,  
 To Punish Villains, not to make Men so.

When ever then thou art prepar'd,  
 To prompt that Vice thou should'st Reward,  
 And by the Terrors of thy *Grisly Face*,  
 Make Men turn Rogues to shun Disgrace ;  
 The End of thy Creation is destroy'd,  
 Justice expires of Course, and Law's made void.

What are thy Terrors ? that for fear of thee,  
 Mankind should dare to sink their Honesty ?  
 He's Bold to Impudence, that dare turn Knave,  
 The Scandal of thy Company to save :  
 He that will Crimes he never knew confess,  
 Does more than if he knew those Crimes transgress :  
 And he that fears thee more than to be base,  
 May want a *Heart*, but does not want a *Face*.

Thou



Thou like the Devil dost appear  
Blacker than really thou art by far :

A wild Chimerick Notion of Reproach,  
Too little for a Crime, for none too much :

Let none th' Indignity resent,  
For Crime is all the shame of Punishment.

Thou *Bug-bear* of the Law stand up and speak,

Thy long Misconstru'd Silence break,  
Tell us who 'tis upon *thy Ridge* stands there,  
So full of Fault, and yet so void of Fear ;

And from the Paper in his Hat,  
Let all Mankind be told for what :

Tell them it was because he was too bold,  
And told these Truths, which shou'd not ha' been told.

Extol the Justice of the Land,  
Who Punish what they will not understand.

Tell them he stands Exalted there,  
For speaking what we wou'd not hear ;  
And yet he might ha' been secure,  
Had he said less, or wou'd he ha' said more.

Tell

Tell them that this is his Reward,  
 And worse is yet for him prepar'd,  
 Because his Foolish Vertue was so nice  
 As not to sell his Friends, according to his Friends Advice,

And thus he's an Example made,  
 To make Men of their Honesty afraid,  
 That for the time to come they may,  
 More willingly their Friends betray ;  
 Tell 'em the M—— that plac'd him here,  
 Are Sc——ls to the Times,  
 Are at a loss to find his Guile,  
 And can't Commit his Crimes.

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